

Traveling Tune

The Lower 48

I left Chicago with the summer time
as the yawning nights drew to a close
Couldnt get the smell of grass and cheap red wine
out of my mind
Headlights on for it was growing dim
like signal fires to the moon
Young and free and on my own again
Whistling a traveling tune
Whistling a traveling tune
The map sprawls out like a prophecy
The road paves over an old wound
Though my soul is like a flock of geese
headed home to soon
Whistling a traveling tune

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